

THE  
Johnson Journal

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# THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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## EDITORIAL

### IS THIS THE REASON FOR JUVENILE DELINQUENCY?

It is 11:00 P. M. on a Saturday evening. A ragged-looking ten year old boy pushes open the door of a cheap moving picture house. Since seven o'clock he has sat through hours of gory entertainment. He has seen glorified on the screen the lives and inevitable fate of such men as Dillinger, Baby-face Nelson, Al Capone and other infamous men. He has seen that these men were once in the same circumstances as he, and how, finally, after years of planning and executing their plans, they sat in the lap of luxury. That their shady lives were menaced by the police, and that they were often imprisoned, did not seem to impress the boy. He was impressed only by the fact that honestly he could not attain such luxury, but by following the example of these men, and benefiting from their mistakes, he would finally own expensive clothes and homes, and he would ride in a chauffeured limousine.

Years after, our little culprit still continues to visit the movies, his source of vocational guidance. He learns more and more about the art of jailbreaking, if one is careless enough to get caught. By this time he is ready for his first "job." He and perhaps two or three others who are after the same thing pay a nightly visit to a jewelry store, just walking around and looking over the building. The planned night arrives and they break into the store. They are interrupted in their work by a lone police-

man, who is quickly struck down from behind by a heavy blow from a lead pipe, wielded by one of the gang. Their first job has been successful.

Because human nature cannot be restrained, the boys brag about their daring robbery and the assault on the cop. They are finally arrested and sentenced to a reformatory at the tender age of fourteen or fifteen.

Judge for yourself, Mr. John Q. Public. Are movies the source of our juvenile delinquency problem?

Shirley Kelly, '46

### DEMOCRACY?

"A certain word, Democracy,  
That is America to me."

These lines are from a current song hit. Do we truly have a democracy? Sure — any citizen over twenty-one can vote, and we choose our leaders and we also have liberal freedoms. But the picture is quite disheartening when carefully studied. Youngsters plague the children who are dark-skinned, yellow-skinned or otherwise branded as "bad." Mothers, meanwhile, seem to encourage their children by reprimanding them when they play with the Jewish boy down the street. They are also egged on by adult conversation attacking the Italian immigrant who works next to them. Certainly, in a true democracy, Negroes wouldn't be treated any differently from white-skinned people, foreigners wouldn't be underrated and riots wouldn't be staged. In the long run we are more free from restrictions than people in

other countries, but we have a great deal to do before we are really a democratic people. Americans should practice what they preach.

Bob Skinner, '46

### A GREAT DAY COMING!

The boys and girls of today are the men and women of tomorrow. This is an undisputed fact, and one which is repeated so many times that we no longer regard it with its real significance. Just what kind of adults will today's children make? Whose example are they to follow in patterning their civic life? Surely they must have some ambitions, some final pinnacle which they will struggle through tide and time to reach. But it takes a lot of moulding to form good ideas in young minds, and the odds against such good moulding are great. Just consider the modern movies. Good productions like "Going My Way" or "The Bells of St. Mary's," are sadly outweighed by the cheap trash which our youngsters have the few pennies to see. High-minded movies somehow always seem to sport pretty exorbitant price tags, and have to be foregone in favor of cheap, suggestive pictures by the very ones who should benefit from them.

The radio too, is delinquent in its own right. There are far too many nights when one crime program follows another in rapid succession until the living room seems to bristle machine-guns from every corner and little children are too frightened to go upstairs to bed alone for fear of "the bad man." True, every program is produced with the intention of teaching the lesson that crime does not pay, but what eight-year-old is going to stop and consider the moral lessons underneath? Isn't it more likely that he is alive only to the thrill of gunplay and blood-curdling

screams?

If so, what are we, as future citizens, to do in order to remedy the present situation? Well, first we must realize that this old world of ours isn't going to give a great big turn for the better the day we come of voting age. Oh, no! We'll have to struggle against great unyielding monopolistic powers in order to bring about the most minor change for the better, and we can't do that with spur-of-the-moment action. We in the high schools must start now to build the foundation necessary for our participation in American government of the future. We must take an active part and interest in what is going on about us now, as it will have a direct bearing on what will take place on those great days that are coming.

John Wilkinson, '46

### SCHOOL SPIRIT

There are boys and girls that are on the football, baseball, and basketball teams. Would they be in the school orchestra and band? No — there are all young people in the band and orchestra. Well, if the high school students would join them, we wouldn't have to have younger boys and girls. They complain that all these boys and girls who don't go to games haven't any school spirit. Well, they are the ones that are getting together an orchestra the school will be proud of. You go to the football games on Thanksgiving or any time and the students are "booing" our band! What can you do? They are just the ones that could go out and make up a beautiful band. I think the ones that try to give the school an orchestra and a band that they will be proud of are the good sports.

Louise Lamprey, '47

## A CRYING NEED

Ever since the cry of "Remember Pearl Harbor" a new tendency has come to the educators of this nation. A vital and growing emphasis is being placed on physical education. It always has been stressed in Uncle Sam's military program, but now it is being emphasized in the schools. In our own school it will be compulsory for the first and second years.

We should move with the times, but can we? Will our facilities allow us? Take but one instance, the lockers and showers! We have two single showers for approximately four hundred students. Also our schedules do not provide enough time for showers; therefore, we go to classes covered with perspiration. This one factor alone illustrates the unsanitary aspect of our physical education program. Now the lockers. We have small, two-by-four wooden boxes for which we have to provide our own locks. Why can't we have metal lockers with enough space to hold gym equipment, coats, and valuables? In this way we could cut down the percentage of stolen money and other valuables from coat pockets and the unsanitary interchange of clothing.

The gym is hardly large enough for the playing of basketball or volley ball games. Only a very small number of outsiders may watch the game from a rigid position against the wall. Of course, a few may crane their necks through the doorway. The oil soaked stairway is not very inviting to an audience to sit down. I know that I would not enjoy it, and I feel that I represent the average fan.

The poverty of equipment is a crying shame. Up to date it consists of a volley ball, volley ball net, and two basketballs. Both the girls and boys share this equipment. We have no

bars, clubs, mats, weights, horses, ladders, or ropes, all necessary in a full physical education program.

In the past three years we have had four different gym teachers. How can we have winning teams when the teachers change so frequently? We no sooner get settled with one instructor than another one comes in and upsets the apple cart with an entirely new idea on how to do this bend and how to shoot that basket. The pupils have such a broken up physical education that it creates a great lack of interest on their part. How can we expect to ever keep a steady teacher when they see money spent out on beautifying lawns, thus stopping class games from being held out of doors? Is a beautiful lawn a more valuable town asset than healthy boys and girls? Some people would suggest as an alternative, what about the field across the street from school? It is uneven, full of briars and also rich in poison ivy! Many years ago when classes were held there the majority of the girls were afflicted with poison ivy and it was so serious that they had to be put under the doctor's care.

Since physical education is going to have one of the major billings on our curriculum, why doesn't someone do something about the state of our equipment and gym? How can we expect our authorities to keep abreast of the best educational theories? What we need most in this town is more interest on the part of the townspeople. Another factor which is vitally needed is more generous financial assistance. People have this question running through their minds, "Is it worth while?" Citizens, the battle of the future will be won in the classroom. Money spent now will bring back a hundred fold in return.

Joyce Gilman, '47

### COMMITTEE ELECTIONS

The procedure followed by Johnson High School pupils in electing members for various committees is atrocious. In the first place the majority of the pupils are un-cooperative in that they handicap their own president to such an extent that he has to spend more than half of the time which should be spent in discussions in disciplining bad mannered people in order that he can be heard.

In the second place there are some loud-mouthed smart guys who gain control of the nominations. They nominate only the most incapable members of their class, thinking that the whole matter is a complete joke, which it is under these circumstances. How are we going to re-educate the student body of Johnson High School?

George Stewart, '47

### SUGGESTED FIRE PRECAUTION

There are many things in our school that should be corrected, but I think the number one fault is the fire situation.

In our school we very seldom have a fire drill, and when we do have one, the boys and girls think it is great because they get out of studying for about five minutes, or they are able to be with their friends and talk with them for awhile. When there is a fire drill, it is never taken seriously by the students, for they just talk and laugh loudly as they march slowly out of the building. Because of this fault, if there were a real fire, many boys and girls would probably be hurt or even killed.

I think that one way this situation

could be corrected is to have a fire drill each week, and find out just how long it takes us to clear out of the building. I think it would be a very good idea if, when we do have one of these drills, one fire truck and a few men would come to see really how long it takes to clear the building. If there were any faults in the way we come out, let them be corrected. This would never take very long. It might save many girls and boys as well as money in case of fire.

Mary Wentworth, '47

### A TELEPHONE TOPIC

"Hi, Jackson—you what—uh, like to borrow my geometry paper? Sure, sure—but just a second, were you in assembly today? You were? Well, didn't you hear Mr. Thomson give us a talk on borrowing and copying papers? You weren't listening! Lend an ear while I give you a small idea. He said comparing your paper occasionally — *occasionally*, that is, pal—with someone else's to see if you had gotten the right idea was entirely different from just copying directly the work of your friend's paper. Don't get in the habit of copying. The first disadvantage of copying is that if you don't know what you're copying, it's not going to be very helpful to you in a test. Secondly, you become more and more dependent on that person for his paper as time goes on. Mr. Thomson gave heaps of other good reasons—good one's, too.

"You what—oh, don't think you'll borrow my paper. Sure, Eager Beaver, you can have it after to compare — but remember — just *compare!* S'long."

Marjorie Lee, '49



## LITERARY

### DECISION

"Education is life. Education is something no one can do without. That is true, especially in these times." This was repeated by teachers, parents, and everyone else who had an interest in this lad I have chosen to write about, but nothing could penetrate his stubbornness, his desire to be free.

He was standing outside the school with a cigarette between his lips and a sneer on his face. He had just passed in his books and was finished with school. Finished! What a wonderful thought! Finished with the nagging of teachers, the boredom of sitting in classes, doing homework and all the other things about school that this veteran scholar with nine years of schooling to his credit could not endure.

This was in the spring of 1942. He had no thoughts whatever of the future. All he had in mind was to hang around until — until — he had not the courage to think of what was coming ahead of him in the road of life, and so he drove it from his mind. The thought would return and again he would become somewhat frightened, turn his back and ignore it.

Eventually the draft caught up with our young friend. Boldly he took the flag in his hand and marched off to war as happy-go-lucky as ever.

One of the many things asked him in his first days as a sailor was how much schooling he had had. Somewhat embarrassed, he would reply, "Nine full years." This short education put him behind the eight ball

as far as advancement in rating was concerned. Outwardly he laughed it off, but inwardly he was hurt and ashamed.

Could it be by this time our yearling was beginning to realize how foolish he had been? Seeing men of less natural ability than he far above him in rank humiliated him into swearing by his oath he would go back and finish the education he had so stupidly thrown away.

He is back at the beginning again, laying a foundation and working ahead to attain his goal. He has determined that now he'll spend time, money, and energy earnestly endeavoring to gain an education which will later bring him security, prosperity and happiness. It will be hard, but there is no turning back. He has an inspiration an ambition and a goal — to write.

Stephen Doherty, '47

### GUESS WHO!

There he is, the one and only, stepping up to the microphone! It isn't the voice nor the beard either. It's the nose. Look at his nose. It looks like an elongated potato. His face, which is full of wrinkles received through old age and much laughter, is like a cheap suit after much use. He is of medium height, not too heavy and a little slumped over in stature, like a little oak tree which begins to stoop because of improper care. When he tells a joke he is like a cackling hen after laying its egg. It's Jimmy Durante.

Vincent Ippolito, '46

## ENJOYING A MOVIE

I frequently persuade myself to try once more, despite my so far vain attempts, to enjoy a movie. I scan the daily newspaper eagerly and choose a movie that by much publicity has aroused my curiosity. Upon arriving at the theatre I find I am not the only one who would care to find an evening's entertainment at this particular film. I await my turn to buy my ticket with a resigned air. With nothing better to do while waiting, I study once again the posters which entice you with small bits of information.

An usher stands outside and shouts that there are only seats in the orchestra and the rear balcony. After pushing past people's knees and falling on one man's lap, I finally arrive at my seat, which is the closest to heaven that I fear I shall ever get.

The movie, by this time, has already started, and my every brain cell vibrates as I try to figure out the story so far. I have not yet discovered what has passed while a movie fan in back of me boastfully tells to her friend what will happen *next*.

It is very difficult to hear the dialogue in the movie, being so far up, but one must admit that the child next to you crunching on peanut brittle doesn't help the situation any.

It suddenly becomes unbearably warm, and I decide I will take off my coat. I turn side-ways and struggle and struggle to free myself. With one last yank I succeed both in doffing my coat and punching a man squarely in the stomach with my elbow.

The movie, as it happens, is a "tear-jerker." The first warm, salty tear trickles down my cheek, soon to be followed by many more tears and a few heart-racking sobs. I soon feel as if all eyes were upon me and I become very uncomfortable. I excuse myself and once more stumble

past the people's knees, down the stairs and home. I once again do not feel satisfied, for I have missed the beginning and the ending of another movie. A very enjoyable evening may be had by some at a movie, but for me it seems to be nothing but a wasted evening.

June Davis, '46

EYES—THE CHARACTER OF  
THE SOUL

The eyes have a language of their own. They contain more expression than any Latin, French, or English dictionary. Eyes are a great assistance to better understanding of the spoken word. It is frequently asserted that some people have difficulty in comprehending or carrying a conversation in the dark. This is due to the incapability of getting along without the invaluable aid of the eye.

It is an outlet for every emotion and intense feeling prevailing in human beings. When one is extremely provoked with a person, the eyes become more bitter and austere than the caustic words the mouth may pour forth.

Excitement through gayety makes the eyes sparkle and fluctuate merrily in the eye pocket. Fearful eyes are revealed with wide, fixed protuberancy. When anxiety takes over the eyes become rapt and wary and seem to convey the inner-most concern of the person. When sorrow harrows one, the eyes fill with shining tears and look downcast. A student becomes immoderately uneasy under steady and continued scrutiny of a teacher's eye.

Illness causes the eyes to appear wan and insipid. When singers or dancers are beating time to some exotic melody, their eyes become almost slit-like while squinting in order to show that they are truly imbued by the music. When a person is deep

in thought his often become stabilized and glare unseeingly in open space.

The eyes are indeed endowed with much self-expression—and as an old bromide would have it — they are truly the mirror of the soul.

Emily George, '46

### NATURAL SCIENCE

Raymond Ditmar of New York City, curator of the American Museum of Natural History, made his hobby pay, not only in money but in life's happiness. At a very early age, he showed he had a nose for the things in natural sciences that matter. It was the love of science that helped him enlarge his income.

One could go on multiplying similar instances. When a boy, the Baron von Humboldt created his own museum; he came swiftly to the notice of the Persian Government, and when he was still a rather young man, he was already the most renowned scientist of his time. August Forel, today the greatest living authority on ants, at the age of ten made a discovery about some common garden ants that had escaped the observation of famous students of the time. John James Audubon, America's greatest artist of birds, began drawing the creatures he loved while a child. Linnaeus, the father of botany, was already an excellent young naturalist in his teens.

A nineteen year old Georgia mechanic, who had astronomy for an amateur hobby, made one of the most sensational discoveries of a new star in our age. He was, I believe, a few hours earlier with his discovery than any of the great observatories mounting sixty inch lenses that forever sweep the skies.

The sciences offer young people the finest of all hobbies, in my opinion. They certainly have the greatest

futures. To become a renowned singer, you have to be born with a wonder voice, and then work like a slave during a long, expensive training. A poet, a composer, a painter, or a sculptor, has to be born and made. A mediocre performance in the arts is perhaps worse than none.

Not so in science. Geniuses are rare and we will all admit that Baron von Humboldt or John James Audubon, belong in the genius class. But most scientists, even very good ones, are not geniuses. They were all young once and began at the beginning.

It would be misleading to say that much money can be made out of science. Science discourages people who are just out for money, and rightly does it do so. The pure and honest cause of truth-seeking, for that is what science is and means, would be ruined if fortune hunters saw inducements in it. But the young man or young woman (for there are lots of women employed nowadays in museums, universities, or expeditions of exploration, in government and state service, and by great foundations like Carnegie and Rockefeller) who loves his work first, will find, if he shows the ability, a living that will seem satisfying. A man who is satisfied with a thousand dollars is better off than a man who can't be happy because he has only a million. As a matter of fact, during the depression, few good scientists were out of work. The people who suffered most were the unskilled and overpaid. A scientist is neither.

The place for the young scientist to begin his hobby is right in his own home. Wherever you live is just as interesting as any other place on earth. It's a mistake to think you have to be sent to Greenland or Guatemala to find rare curiosities.

If nature is your hobby, you will not need to be told that within ten

miles of your home there is a great world about which you will never know enough. If it isn't your hobby, but you wish it were, turn to your librarian or your biology teacher. Visit your nearest museum or talk to science teachers. They will tell you of individuals, groups of people right in your neighborhood, who will let you learn from them, and tell you what to study. They will steer you to the right books, and steer off beginner's mistakes.

Even if your hobby doesn't lead to career, it will be much fun, and most worth while. A collection of match folders is as worthless and meaningless as the cigar wrapper collection made a few years ago. In fact, the larger it is the sillier it will some day look. Young Ditmar's collection of variations in one kind of moth had meaning, and that meaning could be instantly read by an imminent scientist. And, as we saw, the old curator read the young collector in the same penetrating glance, and picked his successor. William Torrey, Jr., '46

### TO THE BACK-SEAT DRIVER

If there is one thing that I love, it's the person, your so-called friend, who sits in the back seat and drives the car while you're at the wheel. This strange character has a constant case of jitters and at two-minute intervals cries out, "Look out for the red light. Oh—Oh! There's a policeman! My, that parking space is smaller than the car, isn't it?" For some unknown reason this bird thinks she has to give you advice on what to do next. This species usually do not have licenses of their own, or else they've had their licenses taken away for sticking their hand out of the window, while driving, to dry their nail polish. Of course, it isn't always a woman who indulges in this rare sport. Quite frequently you find a

man who hasn't even the decency to sit in the back seat. He plumps comfortably down beside you in the front seat and at different intervals mumbles, "Why don't you pass that car? You could have made that light before it turned red." Of course, as I said before, there's nothing I like better than a back-seat driver. In fact, I like them so well that I think that all of them ought to be put in one big car and turned loose. Of course they'd drive each other crazy instead of us; but that's the idea. See what I mean?

Blanche Turner, '46

### MY HERO

I would like to introduce my pal to you. He is about ten feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. He wears a gray suit and a green hat. He is a very happy fellow. His face just beams with joy. Happiness radiates from his deep black eyes. At night when everybody else is tired he just bubbles over with energy. He keeps winking at me.

The weather doesn't bother him a bit. He loves it, rain or shine. When it snows, it turns his hat white. Then the sun comes and takes away the white hat and his green hat is seen again. Of course, when spring comes and everyone is putting on new spring duds, he puts on his snappy green suit. My how everybody admires this handsome man!

"What does he do all day long?" you ask. Why he stands in front of my house. He is always waiting for me to come home from school. Even if I am an hour or two late, my hero is still there. He never argues or yells at me. He is kind and understanding.

Can you guess his name? The initials are R. S. No.—not Richard—not Robert—not Roland. This tall, handsome, charming, and loveable man is Roger Streetlight.

Eleanor Finn, '46

## MY MOTHER'S HANDS

My Mother's hands are like a diary—every line, every scar, every burn, has a special meaning. And each one was the result of bringing up her family. The wrinkles in her hands appeared quite early because of my brother and me. The scar on her finger was from an infection received from a window I broke. The brown scars are burns incurred in her never-ending desire to cook and bake for us. Her nails are no longer shapely and well-cared for, because mothers never seem to find time for themselves. The little pin points on the tips of her fingers are from darning our stockings and trousers.

I think all mothers' hands are the most interesting and tell-tale hands in the world — all because of us.

Thomas Giaquinta, '46

## BOB HOPE

Bob is the man with the grin you could use for a foot rule and the nose which bears resemblance to Cannon Mountain. When he gets excited, his hair shoots up like toast in a toaster, and when a joke comes to him, his eyes gleam as if the devil himself were looking through you. His engaging personality makes him seem like an old friend at once. His ears droop down like rubber flaps, and his jaw juts out like our own Cape Cod. He just loves to have no one laugh at his jokes and repays their kindness by sticking out his tongue. His feet are another item of interest; as he daintily pads across the floor, one is reminded of cows dragging a string of tin cans.

Donald Kimel, '46

## Poet's Corner

## A WALK IN THE RAIN

You've heard of a walk in the sun-  
shine,  
You've heard of a walk down the lane  
But the walk I love and always will,  
Is the wonderful walk in the rain.

There's something about a raindrop  
As it falls and rolls off your chin,  
It makes you forget all your worries  
That have troubled you within.

It seems to have a message  
It brings you from the sky;  
It softly falls, then whispers  
The message with a sigh.

Velma Hinton, '46

## THE STORM

The clouds have chased the sun away,  
The happy sky is dark and grey,  
And in the fields and in the town  
The rain, the rain, is falling down.

Come, let us stand in shelter warm  
To watch the wild and noisy storm.  
See how the tree-tops bend on high,  
As each loud gust goes roaring by.

What does it say—each angry gust?  
It says: "Bend down! You must, you  
must!

No sunbeam soft can reach your  
bough,  
For cloud and wind are masters  
now."

Yet, look! I see a speck of blue:  
The sun, the sun is peeping through!  
And every leaf shows bright and  
plain,  
With tiny sparks of shining rain.

William Torrey, Jr., '46

## MUSIC

Music hath more charms to me,  
It means escape from all my cares,  
It brings release and sets me free,  
It opens up a world that's fair,  
And brings me hope from my  
despair.

Why is it I can listen now,  
And hope and plan and even dare,  
When troubles oft would not allow  
Escape from troubles pressing now?

Shirley Kelly, '46

## STRATEGY

Have you ever sat and waited  
For the telephone to ring?  
He said he'd call at eight, you knew  
It didn't mean a thing.

You think of all the things you'll say  
If *ever* he does call:  
"I'm much too busy now. Why did  
You bother me at all?"

You wonder where he is this time,  
What for, with whom and why.  
You'd think he could do *one* thing  
right,  
But he's the darndest guy!

It's eight-fifteen and one more time  
Upon the phone you glare,  
You've near chewed up a pencil  
And you've tried out every chair.

Eight-thirty comes and rolls right by,  
Eight-forty does the same,  
At last—it rings, you pick it up,  
And someone says your name!

"I guess I'm late," (he sounds sooo  
nice)  
"I didn't mean to be.  
I fell asleep awhile ago  
And no one wakened me.

"I hope that I'm forgiven. If I'm  
Not I'll sure feel bad."  
And you sigh "Of course" and won-  
der just  
Whatever made you mad!

Audrey Ferrin, '46

## A BROKEN HEART

Like a china dish dropped from a  
shelf,  
Is a broken heart within oneself.  
The pieces shatter here and there,  
Dreams tumble down from every-  
where.

You must pick up each shattered  
bit,

And try once more to make each fit.  
A jagged edge, a bitter tear,  
Cuts deep and probes a mem'ry dear.  
A mended heart within oneself,  
Some mended china on a shelf.

Audrey Ferrin, '46

## CAFETERIA AT NOON

Down in the cafeteria  
There are usually three lines.  
I start there looking hopefully  
At the place that once was mine.

The line creeps up a little bit  
Until we reach the door,  
Then someone gives an extra shove  
And we land on the floor.

We just recover long enough  
To grab hold of a tray,  
Then someone else steps in the line,  
And everyone hollers, "Hey!"

We glide around the corner fast  
And everything is well....  
The dinner looks just heavenly....  
Oops—there goes the bell!

Joan Pitman, '46

## A SCHOOL REFORM

(Apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

I think that I shall never see  
 A school day that passes happily,  
 A real school day so short and sweet  
 With an hour or more left out to eat,  
 One that stands about quarter to nine  
 And ends at twelve, it would be fine.  
 A short school day is favored by me  
 But only God could make it be.

Gardner Cook, '46

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TO THE BOYS OF JOHNSON HIGH

Here's to the boys of Johnson High  
 Who go to dances to play I spy.  
 Here's to the girls, alas, alack,  
 All they get is a rip up the back.

Take them to eat, give them a treat  
 They let you walk home and get wet  
 feet.

Give them an inch and they take a  
 mile  
 But we girls carry on and give them  
 a smile.

Eleanor Marland, '46

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A TRIP

Some day I will take a trip,  
 Around the world I'll go.  
 I'll stop in at the North Pole  
 To see-an Eskimo.

On this trip around the world  
 I'll surely pass the Equator,  
 And if I see a pretty girl  
 I will try to date her.

When I reach the Philippines  
 And I'm homeward bound,  
 I'll think about the trip I had  
 Till I'm home safe and sound.

Norman Humphries, '49

## POEM

Have you ever been reposing,  
 Resting every bone,  
 When you hear the piercing siren  
 Of the darned old telephone?

You stagger to the telephone,  
 Lift it, if you can.  
 "Hello," says an unfamiliar voice,  
 "Is dis de grocery man?"

"I'm sorry lady, it isn't."  
 My gosh, is that me talking?  
 "But cheez, I dialed de Grocery man,"  
 I hear the old girl squawking.

Okay, so I'm the grocer,  
 And maybe the King of Spain  
 But I'll be a raving maniac  
 If you get the wrong number again.

Joseph Rand, '46

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RAIN

Some say it's raining cats and dogs,  
 While others say it's teaming;  
 The sky is dark, the clouds are here,  
 The sun's bright rays aren't beaming.

When hail stones fall upon the  
 ground,  
 They say they're blocks of ice;  
 But we will surely all agree,  
 That they aren't very nice.

When winter comes and rain does  
 fall,  
 It falls in flakes of snow;  
 Folks say it's this and say it's that,  
 And others just don't know.

These are the theories that are  
 thought,  
 But think again and lo!  
 You really find that when it rains,  
 It's raining H2O!

Eleanor Finn, '46

BALLAD

I went to the doctor's the other day,  
For all I did was sneeze.  
He told me that I had a cold,  
And said, "Five dollars, please."

I asked him for a couple of pills,  
And wanted some light blue.  
He gave me a prescription,  
They were too hard to chew.

I had to go to the dentist  
For the teeth my pills pulled out,  
And when the false ones were put in  
You should have heard me shout.

Florence O'Keefe, '49

GARDENING

Have you ever heard my tale of woe  
Of the little garden I tried to grow?  
I planted corn and up came beans.  
That isn't right by any means.

As winter winds gave one last blast,  
I felt that snow had long since past.  
By Joe! to all the neighbors I went  
And borrowed the tools that I had  
lent.

All spring I planted and I hoed,  
Killed the bugs and chased the toads,  
Watered the garden twice a week,  
Ever since through the ground they  
peeked.

Dry summer came with sunshine  
bright.  
My lettuce died from all that light.  
The weeds were winning by a nose  
Where I had hoped to raise some cos.

I planted corn and up came beans  
That isn't right by any means  
The rain has mixed up all my seeds  
Killed the plants and aided the weeds.  
Norman Campbell, '46

JOE'S

There is a pool room on Main Street,  
Where all the boys do go.  
They play with luck, they play with  
skill,  
But the winner is always Joe.

Nick Evangelos, '46

FICKLE HENS

I think that I shall never read  
Another book on chicken feed.  
For eggs they never seem to lay  
Until the merry month of May.

Why is it that they wait till then  
To show me they're prosperous hens?  
Of course they probably think they're  
smart  
Trying to break a poor farmer's  
heart.

Anthony Laurenza, '46

NO IDEA ! ! !

The summer days are long and  
bright,  
Stars at night are twinklin'  
And when does school begin again?  
I haven't got an inklin.

Constance Chadwick, '49



## RECORD

### GRADUATION HIGH LIGHTS

<i>Salutatory</i>	William Torrey
<i>Class Essay</i>	Shirley Wentworth
<i>Class Oration</i>	Norman Campbell
<i>Valedictory</i>	Gloria Bottai

### AWARDS

D. A. R. American History	Helena Saunders, '46
Harvard Club of Andover	James Greenler, '47
D. A. R. Good Citizenship	Alma Sanford, '46
S. A. R. Good Citizenship	Norman Campbell, '46
Bausch and Lomb Science	Gloria Bottai, '46
Typing (70 words a minute)	Blanche Turner, '46
"Reader's Digest"	Gloria Bottai, '46

### PRESENTATIONS

American Flag (Class Gift)	Shirley Kelly
Gift for Mr. Pitkin	Nicholas Evangelos

### SCHOLARSHIPS

Woman's Club	William Torrey
V. F. W. Post 2104	Mabel Arlit
Parent-Teacher Association	Helena Saunders

### JUNIOR-SENIOR PROM

Prom Committee: *Seniors*; Nicholas Evangelos, Philip Long, Howard Doherty, Norman Campbell, Shirley Pendlebury. *Juniors*; Herbert Wild, George Stewart, Vincent Lambert, Richard Carvell, Barbara Campbell, Robert Mitchell.

Faculty Adviser — Miss Mary Buckley.

Decorations: The hall was decor-

ated following the theme of a garden. At the entrance was an arbor with a built-in white gate through which the couples passed. Awnings and window boxes adorned the windows and on the walls were trellises entwined with flowers and vines. In the center of the hall was a pool surrounded by a rock garden. The lights were decorated in pastel tiers. On the front of the stage was a small white picket fence, a colorful array of flowers and a garden table which completed the effect of the theme.

The refreshment bar, at the left of the stage, was decorated with a large punch bowl and graceful white candles on either side.

Beverly Howard, '46

### GUIDANCE WORK

Miss M. Madeline Gillen, our new Guidance Director, certainly deserves much credit for the wonderful job done by her in obtaining representatives of various schools and colleges in and around Boston to speak.

Mrs. Granville, Dean of Women, Lowell Teachers' College was one of these. Her talk was particularly good because she explained the importance of work.

We had two students from Salem and also two students from Framingham. The students from Framingham brought material samples of the dresses made in their classes.

Miss Guearan of Fitchburg Teachers' College also addressed the students in Room 18.

The Director of Admission from

Simmons explained the vocational interest which the college has. Also the Assistant Director of Admission from Mass. Lawrence General Hospital addressed us.

Mr. Lindsay from the Bentley School of Accounting spoke on the importance and the various phases of bookkeeping and accounting.

Mr. Harold Dow, a representative of Kathleen Dell School, spoke also.

Mr. William Clarenbach from Stevens Mill gave an interesting talk on the history of textiles. Mr. Petty from the Andover Savings Bank explained banking. Also, Miss Rosatto came to present a vocational talk on Lowell Textile.

Many movies on vocations in connection with the vocational talks were shown. Vocational records on various occupations were played every Monday.

We are sure that these talks, movies and records were very helpful, especially to the graduating class.

Shirley Wentworth, '46

#### HIGHEST HONORS FIFTH TERM

*Six Honors:* William Torrey

*Five Honors:* June Smottlach, Robert Blanchette, Mary Hickey, Paul Alder, Philip Greenler, Dorothy Dushame, Mary Finn, Justine Fitzgerald, Arthur Forgetta, Cornelis Heijn, Jane Knightly, Florence O'Keefe, Jacqueline Meserve, Joan Reilly.

*Four Honors:* Gloria Bottai, Shirley Wentworth, James Greenler, Eleanor George, Nancy Ballantyne, Louise Consoli, Joan Diamont.

#### SUCCESSFUL ALUMNUS

Dr. Arthur P. Phillips, J.H.S. '34, recently sent to Miss Clara Chapman an abridgment of a dissertation written at New York University, as part of his work for the Degree of Doctor

of Philosophy. He also sent copies of two scientific articles he had written for the "Journal of the American Chemical Society," and a copy of a patent claim.

Miss Chapman, the members of the faculty, and the pupils of the chemistry and physics classes were interested in Dr. Phillips' reports. It is inspiring to know that men who once received their fundamental training in Johnson High are scaling the ladder of success, and that as they climb they have time for a kindly thought for the school that guided their first steps along the road.

Barbara Lambert, '46

#### BASEBALL NEWS

The baseball team started off the season with a group of three victories only to be knocked out of the Merrimac Valley League because of lack of experience.

The greatest victory of the year was our second game against our old rival, Methuen. We took away their only chance of winning the M. V. L. championship. The winning run was scored by How "Atom" Doherty who stole home from third base while the Methuen pitcher and catcher was talking things over. Phil Long pitched the team to a fine victory, giving up only five hits throughout the game.

The next day the team went to Andover, where they met and defeated our biggest rival, Punchard, on Andover's 300th Anniversary. The team had a field day, beating Punchard 16 to 9. By this victory they also won the Little Three Championship.

Credit also, should go to Jack "Sleepy" Dolan, who was the most outstanding under class pitcher of the season, Bob Skinner, Willis Hanscom, Bob Mitchell, Nick Evangelos, Hal Vincent, and Chief McKee.

Oscar Soucy, '46

## CLASS DAY PARTS

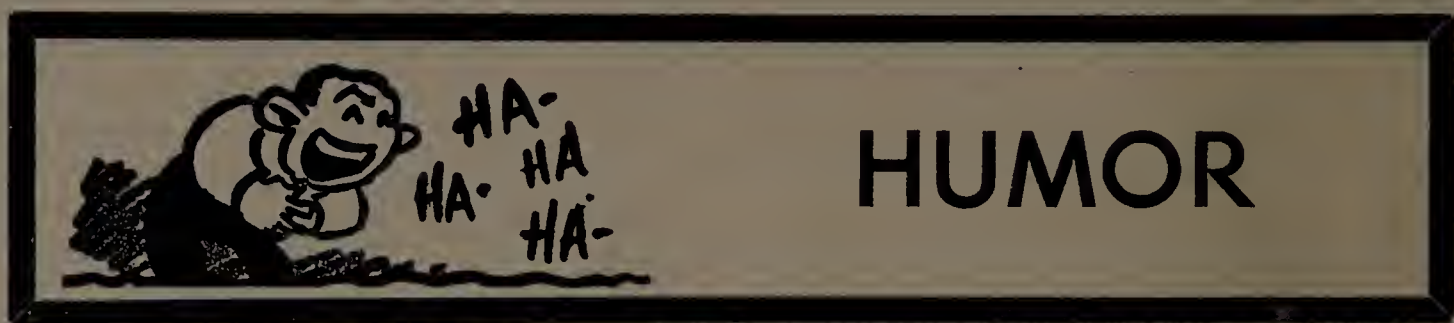
*Class Will* — Audrey Ferrin, Donald Kimel

*Class Prophecy* — Beverly Howard, Alfred McKee

*Class History* — William Gosselin

Senior Class Day was held after classes June 3. The class will, history, and prophecy were read. Seniors wore old clothes to add to the fun.

Shirley Kelly, '46



Maggie: "Know what one carrot said to the other carrot?"

Sally: "No, what?"

Maggie: "Nothing, silly. Carrots don't know how to talk."

"She said she was born in Victoria, B.C."

"B.C.? I thought so. She looks it."

Teacher: "Will some one give me a definition of a gold-digger?"

Student: "Allow me. A gold-digger is a human gimme pig."

The farmer was hammering away at some boards when a neighbor dropped over.

"How's the missus, John?" he asked.

"Not so good," he replied.

"It that her coughin'?"

"Naw; This is a henhouse."

"You remember when you cured my rheumatism a year ago, don't you, doctor," asked the patient, "and you told me not to get myself wet?"

"Yes," replied the doctor.

"Well, I just wanted to know if you think it's safe for me to take a bath now?"

"So you didn't get your citizenship papers?"

"No. They said I must pledge to support the Constitution, and I got all I can do to support my wife and 11 bambinos!"

A physician whose patients were mainly of the wealthier class was called to attend a society woman.

"Good morning, Mrs. Newwealth," he said in his usual courtly manner.

"What can be the matter with you this morning?"

"Oh doctor!" she wailed. "I hardly know what to say. What's new?"

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